Spanked To Friendship
By Yu May and Jay

[Note: this story includes realistic depictions of physical and emotionally abusive uses of corporal punishment of children, based roughly on real life experiences. This story is not an endorsement of the actions depicted. Reader discretion is advised]

Growing up in a southern, religious family, Jay was no stranger to spankings. His mom usually put him across her knee and spanked him with a wooden hairbrush, while his dad preferred to use a belt. But either way, Jay usually ended up getting the spanking over his bare butt, even at thirteen years old. That was precisely what made it an “attitude adjustment” in Mom and Dad’s works. Whenever Jay spent a week with his Aunt and Uncle, he didn’t get spanked as often, but it remained a definite possibility. Aunt Anne and Uncle Rodger theoretically had permission to spank Jay, but whenever Jay’s Mom or Dad were around, spankings were carried out immediately, and exactly the way they were done at home: on the bare bottom.

Jay’s oldest cousin, Sharlene, was in high school, so they didn’t have much in common. Sharlene was usually civil enough, except when she was chasing her younger siblings out of her bedroom, along with Jay. Dan, was a year older than Jay, while Donna was only a few days younger. They usually spent a lazy summer watching TV, and thanks to Aunt Anne’s southern comfort food, they had all been “fattened up” a bit.

As Jay settled into the bean bag chair in Sharlene’s room, he glanced at Donna, and made a popping noise with his cheek. After a few moments, Jay popped his cheek three times.

Donna’s long brown hair flew as she spun around on her bean bag chair. “Knock it off”

Jay sat silently for a few moments. The TV was playing some lame girl’s cartoon Jay didn’t care about: something to do with bratty high schoolers turning into fairies. When he noticed Donna was no longer paying attention to him, Jay rolled out of his beanbag chair, careful not to make a sound. Then he bent low by Donna’s ear, and just when the cartoon was reaching a climactic, girly battle…“Pop!”

Donna snarled, and twisted around on her bean bag chair. “Cut it out!”

She landed a hard punch to Jay’s shoulder. “Ow! You cut it out!”

Donna shoved Jay, and scrambled to get back on her feet, struggling to escape the extra fluffy beanbag chair. “You started it!”

Jay darted to the door. “Fine, I’ll go! Just watch your stupid–”

Donna charged after him, her fists clenched, and Jay darted out of the room. As he stumbled into the hall, he saw his Dad, looking startled. “Woah! What’s the commotion?”

While Jay was distracted, Donna appeared at the door frame, and socked him hard on the other shoulder. Jay howled, and as Donna snatched at his t-shirt and hair, he turned on her. “Let! Me! Go!”

Jay shoved Donna, and to his surprise, he knocked her down with ease, knocking her right down on her butt. Thankfully, the bean bag chair broke her fall.

Jay sighed with relief, before he felt himself being lifted physically into the air by his arm, and saw his Dad’s furious eyes. “Jay! You *do not* shove girls!”

The world was a blur all around Jay. Dad hauled him to the living room next door, propped his foot on the couch, then dropped a stunned Jay across his lifted knee. As Jay found himself dangling in midair, staring at the couch cushions below, he felt Dad yanking his shorts and underpants down with one clean tug. In horror, Jay knew exactly what was about to happen. And then it happened.

Dad slammed his hand down onto Jay’s butt. “You! Do not! Hit! Your cousins!”

After only three swats, Jay was already sobbing. Dimly Jay heard a familiar voice, as if from a distance, and recognized it as his cousin Dan. “Yikes! What did he do?”

Jay’s eyes popped open. His cousin seated on the love seat across the couch, playing a Gameboy Color, and getting a front row seat to Jay’s spanking.

“He hit me! He started it!” squealed Donna, as she appeared behind the couch.

Jay screamed with all his might, and felt his lungs burning. “No! She started it! Not me!”

Dad spanked Jay with all his might, and Jay felt his butt burning. “I don’t *care* who started it! I taught you better than that! Boys! Do! Not! Hit! Girls!”

Jay felt tears dribbling down his face, speckling the couch cushion beneath. “No Daddy, no no! Wait! Not here!”

But Dad only spanked faster, and faster. “I’m gonna bust your ass!”

Jay howled until his voice cracked and his pleas became incoherent. After what felt like forever, Dad dropped Jay roughly onto the couch, and stomped out. As Jay tried to sit up, he felt a twinge across his aching butt, and leapt up from the couch. Only then did he notice that his pants and underpants were missing. Jay stumbled to look for them, and spotted them on the floor to the side of the couch. Just as he reached for them, Donna snatched them up. His face burning, his eyes stinging with fresh tears, Jay covered his front, “Hey! Leggo!”

Dan tossed aside his Game Boy and stood up. “Donna! Quit it!”

Donna looked at Jay with a crazed smile, before she released her hold on his shorts. “Whatever.”

Jay felt fresh tears building up as he shakily tried to pull his pants back up. Halfway through, he noticed they were on backwards, and seethed with frustration as he fixed them.

“You okay?” said Dan.

“No, I’m not okay! My dad just beat my ass in front of a girl!”

Dan shrugged. “Well, we’ve both got our asses beat before.”

Jay tensed, remembering that painful episode. He and Dan had gotten into a fight in his room. Both of their moms had arrived, and spanked both boys together in the same room, while lecturing them about how it was wrong to hit people. Jay grumbled. “Not in front of a girl!”

“Whatever. Everybody gets their ass beat in front of someone. I’ve seen Donna get spanked plenty.”

Jay wiped his eyes on the back of his arm. “Whatever! I don’t want to hear it!”

Dan nodded, and scooped up his Gameboy. “Okay.”

On autopilot, Jay stomped toward Sharlene’s bedroom. All he wanted was to put on a cartoon he liked, anything, and try to block out the pain. But when he opened the door, he spotted Donna relaxing on her bean bag chair. She turned to spot him, before grinning. “Better leave me alone! Or I’ll tell on you…and you’ll get spanked!”

Near melting down, Jay turned and ran to the guest bedroom. Not wanting anyone to see him, he crawled underneath the bed, trying to hide in the shadows, and sobbed. At that moment, he wanted a monster under the bed to come find him, and disappear into nothing, forever.

Jay wasn’t sure how long he stayed like that. Dinner was an agonizing experience, in every possible way. It literally hurt to sit, and Dad bluntly made Jay’s spanking the topic of dinner conversation. In Dad’s account of the story, Jay sounded like a brute, beating up on helpless women, before Dad heroically arrived to give Jay his much needed beat down. Jay didn’t dare argue. He didn’t dare speak. But Dad ordered him to answer anyway. “You deserved it. Didn’t you, Jay?”

Jay swallowed. He didn’t deserve that. But if he said no, he’d get hit again. So Jay lied. “Yes. I deserved it.”

Jay spent the rest of the night, and most of the following day, hiding in his room. After all, if he never came out, there was no way Donna could start another fight, or tell on Jay, and get him spanked again. But the boredom of this self-imposed exile was worse than any spanking. Jay flipped through a tattered old *Little Lulu* comic. He'd noticed how a lot of the stories involved Little Lulu getting spanked for something she didn't do, only for her friend Tubby to play the role of detective, and prove her innocence. Others involved Little Lulu using a clever trick to pin the blame on Tubby for her own mischief, and watch with satisfaction as Tubby got spanked for something he didn't do. Typical 1940s comic strip stuff.

Jay sighed. They were great comics, but he'd read them twenty times already. Something about the spankings always intrigued him. Maybe it was comforting to know that for centuries, getting your butt beat was just a fact of life.

Then Jay heard the muffled sounds of an argument.

"–told you to stay out of my room!"

"I'm watching something!"

"Get out!"

As Jay peeped out his room, he saw Donna getting ushered out of Sharlene's bedroom. Donna stamped her foot. "Why can't you share the TV? You're hardly ever in there!"

Sharlene pointed at her own chest. "It's my *private* bedroom! Mom says! Stay out!"

Sharlene slammed the door so hard, one of the posters of her favorite boy band stars came loose and fluttered to the ground. Then she thrust open the door again, waving a makeup kit. "And don't touch my make up!"

Donna stomped down the hall, and paused as she noticed Jay ducking behind his door. Donna peeped into his room. Today, Donna was wearing a tank top with black sweatpants. Apparently, she had also tried to apply some of Sharlene's rouge and red lipstick. "Hey, why don't you come out? It's so boring today."

Jay shook his head. "No. I'm not playing with you anymore."

Donna blew a raspberry. "Oh, c'mon! Are you still mad about that? You were the one who started it by being annoying!"

Jay sat on his bed and hid behind his comic. "You started the fight. Go do whatever you want. I'm happy here."

Donna gave him the stink eye. "Whatever. I'll play by myself."

The day passed uneventfully. Jay finally emerged from his room for lunch. Sharlene complained about finding Donna in her room again, and Aunt Anne shook her head. “Donna, that’s Sharlene’s room. Stay out of it.”

“She has the only TV!”

“There’s a TV in the living room.”

“That one’s old and flickery! Sharlene has the good TV!”

Aunt Anne pressed a finger against Donna’s mouth. “Shush! Not another word. You keep your butt out of Sharlene’s room. Do it again, and I’m going to whoop your ass! Do you understand me?”

Donna pouted, and played with the rest of the food on her plate.

Jay kept quiet. He’d learned long ago that if you wanted to avoid getting spanked, not saying anything helped a lot. Sometimes, Dad would make fun of him for being anti-social, but Jay didn’t care anymore. As long as it kept him out of trouble.

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Jay managed to persuade Dan to part with his Gameboy, just for the afternoon. As he heard the final victory music play, he heard a door slam. As Jay glanced up, he saw a blur as Aunt Anne stomped past, dragging someone it tow. “I *just* told you to stay out of Sharlene’s room!”

Jay recognized Donna, tugging uselessly to free her wrist from Aunt Anne’s grip. “She’s out for the day! She won’t care!”

“No! It’s *her* room! Not yours!”

“She’s not even here! Why does it matter?”

“Oh, you’re gonna find out why it matters. I said I’d whoop your ass if you went in there again, and now you’re gonna get it!”

Jay felt his heart starting to thump, and as he approached his door, he saw Aunt Anne leading Donna into the master bedroom. Donna started dragging her feet, her struggle becoming more desperate, and more pathetic. “Wuh? No! I thought you meant when she’s here! What are you doing?”

“Yeah, right! You know exactly what I said, and you know exactly what’s gonna happen.”

Donna shook her head wildly as Aunt Anne dragged her into the master bedroom…and left the door ajar. “No, no, no! Not that! I won’t go in her room again!”

Jay’s mouth went dry, and his whole body shook as he crept out of his room and approached the master bedroom. The door was opened inward the narrow crack perfectly framing Donna, as she yanked wildly to free her wrist. Aunt Anne was seated on the corner her bed, with her face out of sight, but Jay could make out her knees, pinning Donna’s legs in place as she reached for the hem of her sweatpants. Donna gripped them with her free hand. “Noooooo!”

Aunt Anne tugged down Donna’s sweatpants to her knees, revealing a pair of bright purple panties. “Nope! You’re getting a whooping!”

Aunt Anne quickly released her grip on Donna’s wrist, and yanked down her purple panties. Donna pinched her legs, so that they caught just below her pale, chubby bottom.

Donna clutched her pants, but before she could pull them up, Aunt Anne twisted and pulled Donna across her right thigh. Jay tensed and backed away, before realizing he was still out of sight. The angle was perfect. Donna kicked her purple socks behind her, her plump bottom in full view. Aunt Anne was turned away from the door, facing the wall, as she raised her left hand.

It occurred to Jay that he had never in his life seen a female bottom. Then, as if in slow motion, Aunt Anne brought down her hefty palm across Donna’s buttocks, with a dense, resounding splat!

Jay watched Aunt Anne deliver four more spanks, mesmerized by how Donna’s bottom jiggled after each impact, before he felt dizzy and backed away from the door. He crept to his room, still hearing the spanks carry on. *“This is ridiculous! I’m going to get caught for sure!”* thought Jay.

But as he hesitated outside his door, he listened to the steady smacking sound, going on and on and on. There was no way a spanking was supposed to go on for that long, right? Donna must have gotten at least 100 swats by now. Finally, it stopped, and Jay sighed with relief. But as he tried to push open his door without making a sound…

CRACK!

The hairs on the back of Jay’s neck stood on end as he heard Donna’s ear-splitting screech. Something was different? The sound of the smack was heavier than before. Donna had been yelling before, but more from anger. Now it was pure terror. What was going on.

Feeling a cold sweat, Jay pulled his hand away from the door handle, and turned to go back. He had to know.

Jay didn’t dare to breathe as he peeked into the master bedroom. Aunt Anne must have paused the spanking long enough to retrieve a wooden hairbrush, only to pull Donna across her knees

and start all over again. This time, Donna's legs were dangling off the end of the bed, her upper torso supported by the mattress. Donna managed to get a foothold, writhing her legs and twisting her hips, only for Aunt Anne to land the hairbrush with such force, Donna bucked and lost her footing. Her leggings flew off as her legs spasmed, her socks slipping against the floor like she was trying to run away, only to remain exactly where she was. Donna howled, and as her voice cracked, her wild screams melted into heavy gasps and raking sobs.

Aunt Anne paused the hairbrush spanking, keeping the beat with light slaps to keep Donna's attention. "When I tell you not to do something, I expect you to listen. Do you understand me?"

Donna flinched as she felt the light love taps, as if each was the touch of a hot branding iron. She blubbered, struggling to answer between snortling, snuffling breaths. "Yes yes yes! I'm sorry!"

Aunt Anne began the real spanking again, delivering twenty of the hardest swats yet. By the time it was over, Donna's voice went hoarse, and she lay limp across Aunt Anne's knees, her purple-sock-clad feet sinking to the floor. One of her socks came loose, and flopped off. Jay tried to count the mottled, red-violet marks that covered Donna's bottom and upper thighs like a field of poppies on two smooth hillsides. But the task was impossible.

Aunt Anne tossed the hairbrush aside to land on the pillows, and patted Donna's war-torn backside. "Stand up."

Sniffling, hiccuping, her knees trembling, Donna rose and faced her mother. Aunt Anne waved a finger in front of Donna's nose. "Don't do this again, or it'll be worse next time. I shouldn't have to do this at your age. Now, go stand in timeout."

Anne pointed to the opposite wall, which was decorated only by an arts-and-crafts-shop wooden cross.

Donna barely avoided stumbling as she turned and stepped to face the opposite wall, her hands folded behind her back. Donna brushed her bottom once, before quickly pulling her hands away. Jay knew from experience what was going through her mind. You always wanted to rub your bottom after a spanking, until you actually touched it. Then you realized it was a bad idea.

As Donna straightened to face the wall, Aunt Anne cleared her throat.

As Donan turned to look over her shoulder, her lip quivering, Jay pulled back from the door in terror. In that brief instant, he'd caught a full view of her face, stained with makeup and tears. Donna must have tried wearing her older sister's mascara today, and gone overboard.

That was too close.

Then, Jaw saw Donna meekly reached down to pinch the sides of her shirt, and lifted them on either side, as if performing a curtsy. Instantly, Jay recognized the ritual. He had been forced to perform it himself. The ultimate act of submission to parental authority. To display your own red, spanked bottom, while serving in timeout.

It suddenly occurred to Jay that, of course, his Aunt and Uncle would use the same trick. It had probably been handed down from generation to generation: how to humble the heart of a haughty child.

Jay backed away from the door. Before, he'd managed to avoid being spotted only because he got so lucky with the angle. There was no hope of watching any more. After Jay slipped into his room, he lay on his bed. After a few minutes Aunt Anne marched past his door toward the kitchen, Then Jay spotted the sulking, dejected shape that was Donna, slumping towards her crummy, uncool bedroom. Apparently she had managed to assemble most other wardrobe, though she was still missing a single sock.

Jay opened his door, and let it creak. Donna twisted and spotted him, quickly wiping at her nose.

Holding up his comic, Jay smiled. "Wanna go sit on the couch and read a few comics?"

Blushing madly, Donna vanished into her bedroom, and slammed the door behind her.

Jay shrugged, and strolled to the living room, humming to himself.

That evening, Donna kept quiet all through dinner, glancing at Jay every few seconds. Jay never gave so much as a hint that he knew anything. He didn't need to.

Donna never threatened to tattle on him to get him spanked ever again. And if you can believe it, they went back to being friendly. If anything, they finally became real friends, for the first time.

The End